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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, MARCH 2, 1899. NUMBER 27.

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"I too rest in faith
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing,—seen in puny blossoms now,
But in the world's great morrows to expand
With broadest petal and with deepest glow.

* * *

The earth yields nothing more Divine
Than high prophetic vision—than the Seer
Who fasting from man's meaner joy beholds
The paths of beauteous order, and constructs
A fairer type, to shame our low content.

* * *

The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends, that order, justice, love
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure
As roundness in the dew-drop—that great faith
Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.
Our finest hope is finest memory.

* * *

Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp;
As patriots who seem to die in vain
Make liberty more sacred by their pangs.
Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one:
Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night
We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind
Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs."

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UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1899. NUMBER 27.

Dr. Voorsanger, the leading Jewish minister of the Pacific coast, the guest of the Unitarian Club of San Francisco, recently said in his after dinner speech, that "One of the great achievements of the century was a rabbi in a dress coat," and that another was "that a company of Christians who were said to be no Christians should invite him, a Jew, who was said to be no Jew." The humor of the genial rabbi leads to the serious inspirations of the age. As lines fade the realities of both Christianity and Judaism blend.

A correspondent, lurking, we suspect, behind a *nom de plume*, criticising certain utterances of the pulpit concerning popular education, regrets that ministers do not "stick to their business and preach the gospel." It is a pity! But it is a greater pity that the "gospel" should be so interpreted as to exclude a free discussion of the great questions that are intimately connected with the developments of youth, the safety of the state and the well-being of society. If the word "Gospel" is extended to its original derivatives, it would be written "Good news." Is there any good news that is indifferent to and independent of good life, good citizenship, good homes, good schools and good tastes? If so, we are not interested in that "good news" and we prefer to do extra-gospel work in the interest of what we understand to be the gospel.

There is a pathetic interest in the genial humor which the February *Arena* gives us from the pen of Myron Reed, now, alas, stilled forever. Myron Reed's was a tempestuous ministry, characterized by irregularities, perhaps inconsistencies, certainly impracticabilities, but it was the ministry of a warm heart—one keenly alive to the human and to the humane elements in the ministry of religion. In the article referred to we come upon this to us new story of Emerson:

> Once wishing to know what the other half were doing, he walked into a Boston barroom and observed. A man came in, put his left foot on the shiny rail and his elbow on the bar, and ordered a cocktail prepared. He took it down at one gulp and departed. Curious as to the composition and effect of the decoction, curious as to society in general, Mr. Emerson ordered some of the same that the gentleman had consumed. The barkeeper surveyed him—the face, the form, the dress—and he said, "Mr. Emerson, you do not want a cocktail, you want pop."

We gladly print in another column the protest of Dr. Walker against the patenting of a medical discovery. It is not true that to any man belongs the "discovery" of any compound or contrivance that rests solidly upon a vast amount of human observation, experimentation and disappointment. Every great surprise has crept on painful feet to its transfiguration. But still we do not know why the medicial profession should be expected to be exempt from passions and ambitions, which in the industrial world are considered so legitimate, indeed, creditable. When Prof. Babcock of the University of Wisconsin refused to patent his acid milk test, which has made coöperation among farmers possible, he chose to remain a public-spirited professor on an income of perhaps $2,500, to being an easy and sure millionaire. The industrial and economic world, that has profited so much by his labor, scarcely know his name. Had he selfishly secured his patent the analogies of history would indicate that he might still be a poor man, while some few schemers would organize a great cheese and butter trust and win terrestial immortality by establishing late in life a great hospital, library or university. There are those who will argue that such milk barons or butter kings are necessary to the advancement of the world, and that they are to be perpetuated. The whole question of the *meum* and *tuum*, as related to the mental and material bounties of nature are calling for new study, which may result in readjustments of values and a reconstruction of consciences.

A few weeks ago the public from ocean to ocean were waiting upon the telegraphic words concerning the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, whose life hung in the balance. The scales turned in the favor of this life and he is slowly beating his way back to health. Recently the venerable doctor sent in his resignation to the church which he has so well served as the successor of Thomas Starr King. Of course, the church has but one use for such a resignation, i. e., to file it as an additional bond of union "till death do us part," but it is interesting to read the purpose that has animated this high ministry. The letter says:

> I thank God through Jesus Christ and the common daily life of men that this ministry has reckoned human nature and the divine nature of kindred blood, and has never despised any man because he was rich or poor or ignorant or black, but has esteemed him as holding some mysterious and eternal relation to the Father of all, and in my heart of hearts I can ask no greater blessing on you all than that the ministry that shall succeed me may have as wide a grace and as free a love as the best that is in us can suggest of God or man.

The same week the good doctor sent from his convalescent bed a message to the Unitarian Club of San Francisco, in session, from which we quote the following. It is an indication that he has found the fountain of perennial youth. He who drinks from this spring will, like Doctor Stebbins, verify the word of Swedenborg, "The oldest angels are the youngest:"

> The idea that there can ever be any unity of religion save in that unity of variety in which every individual is sacred in his experiences before God is fantastic. No two human experiences can be alike, and though the world seems to a finite mind all solid, to an infinite mind it is all personal, and we must have done with dogma as a test of character or of thought, and accept a reverent heart and upright mind as the final test and last word. Thus we are saved from village moralism and provincial pietism.

Chicago is undergoing a humiliation in the recent conduct of its grade teachers of the public schools. Mayor Harrison over a year ago appointed a commission consisting of eleven men to take into general consideration the needs of the Chicago schools and to make such recommendations as would bring the present system, which is necessarily an incoherent growth, into coherency and up to date. The commission was non-partisan and non-sectarian. It did its work carefully and well, calling to its aid fifty of the most prominent educators of the country. It has recently made its report of two hundred and fifty pages, justifying its opinions and recommendations by a large amount of expert testimony introduced as footnotes. The recommendations were embodied in a law carefully prepared by able lawyers and the bill was presented in due form to the Legislature. Whereupon the teachers, largely the grade teachers, numbering nearly forty-five hundred, only ninety-eight of whom are men, entered upon a violent agitation among themselves for the purpose of defeating the bill. Excited meetings were held at which they frequently disagreed among themselves. Members of the Legislature were interviewed, influential men buttonholed and the usual tactics of ward politics resorted to. Before the general public was aroused to its problems the senate committee was induced to return the bill with recommendation that it be not passed. The wiser women of Chicago, according to the daily papers, are taking steps to counteract this hurried precipitation of the school teachers. If these school teachers are to hold the respect of the public, and, what is more important, if they are to serve the public, they must rise in their organized capacity above a mere Labor Union, pledged to defend their own interest as employes to a distrusted employer. The recommendations of the commission may need modification. They certainly do deserve consideration and discussion and it will be a calamity to Chicago if this most elaborate and perhaps the most important document bearing on public school education issued since the report of the "Committee of Fifteen," should be thus summarily dismissed by a class organization, and that by the class most interested commercially, and, on that account, perhaps the least capable to take the broad and the long view of the problems in question. A study of the text justifies what might have been assumed at the outset, that the commissioners were enamored of good teaching and necessarily friendly to good teachers, and such have nothing to fear at the hands of full discussion and of progressive legislation. Of the points at issue we may have something to say further along.

Our Majority.

In this issue UNITY celebrates its twenty-first anniversary and enters upon the responsibilities of manhood. A year ago many of the friends, old and new, East and West, clerical and laity, expressed their greetings in these columns; they sent their word of friendly encouragement and as friendly warning and criticism on the completion of our second decade. This year modesty forbids any further attempt at glorification and we can but simply confess our gratitude to those who by their neglect as well as by their coöperation have strengthened and tested our work this far.

We are no longer subject to boyish enthusiasms. We can no longer plead the inexperience of youth. It has been a long, lonely road that we have traveled, never a day but what the task seemed a little too hard to carry, never a week but when it seemed to be the part of prudence to quit, never a month but what some kindly voice would, like Esther Lyon in Felix Holt's cell, "sing like a thrush the word 'failure,'" and plead the arguments of discouragement and high defeat; never a year in the twenty-one when it did not seem as though it must be the last. As it has been it is very much the same now.

Hence UNITY stands on the threshold of its manhood without exhilaration and without discouragement. It makes no promises but rests its confidence in the future, upon the experience of the past and the undimmed conviction that there is a work for it to do, that it has a great task uncompleted.

And this task is essentially the same as that it started out with twenty-two years ago—the task of emphasizing "Freedom, Fellowship and Character" as being of superlative importance to religion, subordinating to these all creeds, forms, names and systems. That is still our belief and still our quest. During these twenty-one years we hope that our ideals have grown with our experience. The methods by which this work is to be pursued have somewhat changed, but the spirit, we trust, has been changed only by deepening and by widening. Of all hard tasks the hardest task which UNITY has encountered is the task of taking its own medicine, of practicing what it preaches, of living up to its own standards. Our principles have often compelled us to reconstruct our schemes and our theories. Twenty-two years ago, when we launched the little Pamphlet Mission, we hoped that the Unitarian fellowship could be made an adequate vehicle for our thought and a sufficient instrument for our ideals. For many years we bore the strain of the struggle inside of the Unitarian denomination, contending with the conservative and reactionary forces that would fain keep that body to some fragment of a credal commitment to the miraculous Christ and the "Christian" name. The Unitarian organizations moved along. One after another of the offending clauses were improved, removed or forgotten, but the possibilities of untrameled fellowship and the message of UNITY moved more rapidly. During these years the Parliament of Religions has been and gone. Scholarship has vindicated itself in the Bible and divinity schools of the so-called orthodox churches. Evolution has compelled a recognition in a more or less open fashion among the competent in all denominations. The science of comparative religions that twenty-two years ago was a thing of the closet and of the university, has become a thing of popular understanding and appreciation. The works of Max Müller, Samuel Johnson, Rhys Davids and their associates, sifted through the press, the platform and the

pulpit, have become matters of common intelligence. All this has kept UNITY busy in trying to keep up with the procession. The force that made the Parliament of Religions, the Liberal Congress and the lesser congresses formed and forming in their spirit, worked also upon UNITY. It asked it to come up higher and to come along.

The most that can be said about our career thus far is that we have inadequately followed the spirit which in our egotism we may have tried to create; we have imperfectly voiced a message infinitely larger than our own. We have not been disloyal in spirit or in letter to the bequests of Channing, Parker or Martineau, but in trying to be loyal to these leaders we have found it necessary to enter more consciously, actively, and, when permitted, organically, into the inheritance of Luther, Calvin, Knox, Fox and Wesley as well.

But not the Parliament of Religions nor its first-born child, the Liberal Congress, and its grand children, the state congresses and conferences, not the advance of higher criticism and the disintegration of dogmatism, mark the most startling innovations of these twenty-one years, but the new revealings of religion and religious duties implied in the words "sociology," "settlements," "civic consciousness" and the "corporate conscience." The creeds have not been killed, dogmas have not been disproven, but, like the white and black magic of medieval ages, they are being forgotten in the preoccupation of other thoughts and other duties. The theological controversies of twenty-one years ago are simply not now "before the house;" the "previous question" has been moved—the question of personal ethics and civic morals. The "liberal church" is no longer discovered by its thought of God or its doctrines about Jesus or the Bible, but by its loyalty to the divine in the human, the helping Jesus and the life imparting forces in Bible and out of it.

This is why UNITY during these twenty-one years has been called upon to give increasing attention to the questions of civic integrity, social and economic reform, the problems of child-saving, bird protection and the humanities toward the brute. The message of UNITY has had to keep pace with the times, and it stands still on pioneer ground, carrying the humanity that is wider than Christianity and the liberty that is larger than the Anglo-Saxon race, and is the right of white, yellow and black.

UNITY has worn out the patience of many friends during its twenty-one years of life. It is hard to foster an enthusiasm twenty-one years long. It is asking a great deal of human nature to stand on picket duty so long, but UNITY has made friends also, and it is strong in the consciousness of this friendship, not of the great and the titled, but of the obscure and the thoughtful, the isolated and the struggling, a fellowship that reaches from college halls to prairie cottage and herder or miner's cot.

We cannot close this anniversary greeting without a thought of that larger constituency, the long line of friends that have been with us and of us, and with our words upon their lips and our message in their hearts, their task completed, have passed on. On whatever shore they abide, we crave their approval and benediction and are strengthened by their memory. Their loving words constitute our only accumulations and their stalwart spirit our best encouragement and highest strength.

Thanking the friends who have helped us with their smiles and with their frowns, encouraged us with their support or their reproof, we look forward with confidence, begging the coöperation and the patience that are necessary to make the future of UNITY worthy its past. To do as well in the twenty-one years to come as in the past twenty-one years we must do much better.

Our Reasons.

We have not taken up the crusade against expansion without the most careful thought. We are not to be driven from our position by intemperate criticism nor the cry, "Stop my paper." We are proud to differ with people so weak that they will not hear but one side of a question. A review of our editorial comment will show the reasons upon which we found our argument, but we shall enumerate them again. The reasons for continued American occupancy and subjugation of the Philippines must be selfish or altruistic. As selfish motives have been the only ones that heretofore have changed human populations on the earth we shall consider that horn of the dilemma first. We might occupy the Philippines as settlers, our children might displace the islanders, as we have displaced the Indians. But the Philippines are in the tropics, where the white man, as an aminal, has not and never will flourish.

Our commerce may be increased, and again it may not, and even if it is increased it will not pay for the outlay in armament. A few may receive benefit from certain lines of trade, but all of us must pay the taxes of a chronic state of war. Men will not enlist for tropic fevers at the wages of military service in the temperate zone any more than a Chicago clerk would take a Manila job at his home salary. The daily published death rolls are a poor encouragement to military service, and the miserably wrecked soldiers who return are a damper on brass band military ardor. From the viewpoint of selfishness, personal or aggregate, now or hereafter, we can see no excuse or reason for our holding the Philippines. Nor has the experience of any other nation justified us in the hope that we may ever expect to "make anything" out of such tenure.

On the side of altruism. Be it said at the outset that it was well that Spanish domination of the islands was ended, for the people were maltreated beyond endurance and their many struggles have shown them possessed of a spirit to deserve autonomy, liberty, self-government or whatever they choose to inflict upon themselves. Indeed, if we did not in our supercilious way claim the love of liberty as purely a white man's possession we might make bold enough to say that seemingly what the yellow people have been fighting and dying for possessed at least a shadow of an imitation of a desire for that copyrighted Caucasian commodity.

What can we do for them? Carry them the gospel? We helped them to overthrow the domination of the largest branch of the Christian Church. Carry them civilization? They would accept it as they needed it more readily in the forms of civilization than in the garb of that barbarism—war. Who are we to say that their civilization does not fit them as well as ours would do? They are not barbarians by any means, except when fighting. Are we civilizing them now?

If we talk of teaching them the art of self-government, would it not be well to rule ourselves justly and decently before "taking them." Which of our great cities shall we take as a model upon which to mold the government of distant Manila?

We can find no comfort for the altruistic idea in the superimposing the government of the white man in any case under the sun. Africa is a hideous slaughter-house, from Khartoum to the Congo, and from the Congo to the Cape. Where are the Aztecs, the Incas, the Indians, the Australians? Are the gentle Sandwich Islanders increasing or becoming extinct? The tale of India, inhabited by a closely allied race, is not an altogether pleasing one. Nothing but the unhealthiness of the tropics for the white man has kept those often abused people on the face of the earth.

We find no adequate recompense in selfishness for the loss of life and health and treasure, for the awful demoralization of our own soldiers who are enlisted and the evils that haunt the camp and are not confined to any age or period, nor varied with armament nor flag. We can speak with knowledge of the morals of Camp Merritt, whence our boys went to Manila. We find no altruistic reason for denying these people the right to govern themselves as they see fit.

There is another excuse for our occupancy, which is neither selfish nor altruistic, but is erroneously called patriotic. We fear that honest people believe that it is patriotic because it is called patriotic and because the flag figures in it.

Patriotism is a love of country, but the Philippines are not our country; they are physically inhospitable, and we never bought anything but a right to take Spain's place in conquering them.

Our flag is the emblem of government by the consent of the governed. It does not fit the case of conquest. Blown to the breeze to announce the end of Spanish tyranny it was grand. Hunting yellow men out in the jungle, it is out of place.

Our flag was planted by Greeley in the Arctic ice, we do not from sentimental reasons send men to keep it afloat. It was unfurled on a Mexican island by people who tried to steal Guano, but President Diaz hauled it down. A flag can as easily get out of place as any other article. Patriotism must have solid, sensible reasons back of it or it does not exist. We who use our sacred emblem to advertise soap, chewing gum and politics should not rush to the idiocy of talking about "never hauling it down." It is patriotism to rescue it from being out of place. It is treason to misuse it in trampling the liberty of others.

We are asked what we would advise. We believe that the United States as a military factor should get out and stay out. England would doubtless join us in saying "Open door and hands off." And so it would be. If any should feel it incumbent upon them to break the back of a people struggling for liberty, it ought not to be the nation whose greatest and best beloved said, "The government of the people by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." It should not be done under a flag, the meaning of which has been made plain by the countless graves in Dixie.

The Larger Faith.

The time has come for men to feel and know—
A larger faith than e'er the world has seen;
There steals on hill and vale the tinge of green—
Where frost has kept the shining host of snow;
There's promise that all virtue now may grow,
That now shall pass the barren and the mean;
The springtide breath will have us wholesome, clean,
That we the nature of our manhood show.
Thus we believe in God the source of all,
The one within us and without, our bliss,
We know His voice, we answer to His call,
We seek to righten all that seems amiss;
We think His thoughts, we feel His guiding might,
We keep His will by walking in His light!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"The White Man's Burden."

There are burdens and burdens. Kipling's poem refers to one that civilized nations have to take upon themselves because of conditions prevailing in savage and semi-savage lands, and for which the white men are not themselves responsible. "The White Man's Burden" in this sense is the obligation he incurs because of his superior enterprise and superior knowledge.

But there is another burden resting upon these same nations, greater by far than that which the tutoring of savage tribes has ever imposed. It also is a burden self-imposed, but instead of reflecting honor upon the bearers, it is a badge of disgrace. Instead of a mark of superior virtue and strength, it is a mark of cowardice, weakness and moral sloth.

For every dollar the white man has from time immemorial paid out to civilize or restrain or develop uncivilized peoples, he has paid out one hundred dollars to debase his own kith and kin below the level of savagery. For every dollar ever expended for the education or Christianization of black or yellow or copper-colored races, the white man has paid out one thousand dollars to uneducate and unchristianize his own race. General Kitchener's college in the Sudan will cost at the start $500,000. But the public houses and saloons of London and New York cost that much every day they are open. The Sudan college will be a monument of common sense and long-headed benevolence. But to what are the slums of London, the slums of New York, a monument? The Sudan college will develop new trade for British merchants. It wall pay for itself over and over and over again. But the slums destroy trade, and for every dollar paid for their support, we have to pay nearly another dollar to take care of the crime, disease and pauperism they produce.

The white man is not responsible for the conditions that impose on him the burden about which Kipling writes. But he is responsible for the conditions that impose on him the burden of which we are writing. For the saloon is not a work of Providence. If alcohol may, perchance, be termed a "creature of God," certainly whisky cocktails and gin slings and Tom and Jerry, and, in fact, the whole brood of manufactured drinks, brewed or distilled, cannot be blamed upon Providence. The saloon is a creature of law—not of divine law, but of human law. Whether we hold that the appetite for alcoholic stimulants be natural or not, the saloon is not an appetite. It is a trade institution legalized and protected by law, and, as a business institution, it owes its profitableness, and hence its existence, to the protection accorded it by legislative en-

actment. The same may not be said of the "joint" or "blind pig" or the "bootlegger," which exist despite law; but it may be said truthfully of the licensed saloon; and it is on the licensed saloon as a foundation, not on the surreptitious "joint" or "blind pig," that the great liquor business, with its hundreds of millions of capital, its trusts and syndicates, its state and national organizations, its political and financial power, has been built up.

Let the white man throw off this burden, and he has little to fear from all the other kinds of burden "duty and destiny" may seem to impose upon him. Let us, in carrying civilization to other lands, cease to create barbarism in our own.—*From the New Voice.*

Canes Duo et Parasiti.

To the Editor UNITY.

Sir:—Can you throw any light on the genuineness of the following fable purporting to be after the manner, at least, of Æsop? Except a French paraphrase, I have seen nothing but a rather poor Latin version, which I venture to turn into perhaps poorer English as follows:

"There was once a Mastiff [*canis Molossus?* The text is corrupt, but I adopt the conjecture of Witzius] of enormous size (*montis instar*), which had long lived in peace and good-will with the world. Barring an occasional short and only half ill-natured growl, especially at some of its weaker neighbors, and sometimes even at its aged but still powerful dam on the other side of the pond (*et in matrem longaevam etiamsi adhuc validam quae trans stagnum incolebat*), he had been content to live a life of repose and dignity, secure in his own native strength and general good intent.

"One day a poor little Poodle (or Spitz?) (*canicula sputans ridicula*) which had been quarreling with and abusing one of her few remaining pups, came a little too near the Mastiff, whereupon the latter, moved partly by pity for the pup, but more by the irritation produced by certain Vermin (*pestibus jingosis;* evidently a solecism or else a scribal slip for *jurgiosis*) which had made their home in his hair, not to speak of the persistent demonstration and bowing of some yellow leaves near by (*foliisque non nullis luridis ac flavis*) demanded that the other should leave her pup and clear out (*se amoliretur*), and when it was naturally slow to do this, the Mastiff flew upon it and—to think of such tantrums in noble souls! (*tantaene animis coelestibus irae*)—tore it in pieces in a moment.

"Then the Vermin buzzed, 'See how brave we are! (*macti virtute*)! Our honor is avenged! Go to (*agete modo*)! Let us now convey—so the wise do call it (*fiat annexio quam vocant sapientes*)—this lonely pup and any others we can find, and confer blessings on them, too, as we have on this good Mastiff, by extending the bounds of our habitation (*per expansionem super orbem terrarum;* the passage is obscure, but I render as best I can). And yet let us proceed with caution; it isn't every possum that will come down for all of us (*non omnia possumus omnes*).'

"But when the Mastiff came to himself and had cleansed himself from the gore (*sanguinemque a se lamberat*), he did not feel quite comfortable or content with himself (*semet parum veritus est ipsum*). 'Oh, why,' he groaned, 'did I destroy the mother in order to protect the pup! If I had only waited a little longer (*O si me gessissem patientius!*).' So he retired to his kennel (*in cubile igitur recessit*), and was not seen for many days.

"This fable teaches that the strong and noble are often placed in false and humiliating positions by the intimates* (*parasitis*) they have allowed to find shelter with them."

Sincerely yours,

H. D. CATLIN.

Gouverneur, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1899.

* I follow here the hint of the brilliant editor of the French paraphrase, Auguste Villet, who compares the familiar "*nos intimes*" of his own tongue.

The Patenting of Diphtheria Antitoxin.

It is now almost universally known that the medical profession is in possession of a remedial agent for that dread disease, diphtheria, the powerful efficacy of which remedy is established in the minds of all reasoning physicians, a few only being so obstinate and unreasonable as to risk the lives of their patients by withholding it from them. It is not, however, so widely known that Emil Behring, one of the scientists we have to thank for diphtheria antitoxin, has been granted a patent on this life-saving remedy by the United States government.

It is a part of the American ethical code in the profession of medicine that surgical and medical instruments and substances invented by physicians shall become the property of the people and the profession, no effort being made to limit the sphere of usefulness of such production by legal protection. No reputable physician holds anything secret that may be of use to his brother practitioner and patients. This lack of legal protection has its drawbacks, since it permits the manufacture of an inferior grade of instruments, etc., by an indifferent maker, the use of which may be more baneful than its total absence would be, but as a working principle it is better on the whole that the existing method should prevail. It is, therefore, with regret and bitter opposition that the large majority of the profession view the action of Professor Behring, in asking for a patent, and the United States government in granting it. His right to priority of authorship is open to doubt, Prof. Roux, appearing to be entitled to equal credit with Behring, the French Academy having medalled both of them. With a view to silencing criticism from the medical press he has announced that he withdraws his name from the medical roll and wishes to be regarded as one of the laity. But this position is far from satisfying the profession or the public; it is totally at variance with the spirit of unselfishness which has hitherto animated the noblest of professions, of which the public have a just right to expect a continuance.

Men who, by their untiring application to laboratory research, furnish us with weapons of such inestimable value in fighting disease, are surely entitled to have their names written large on the scroll of fame, and even to substantial pecuniary rewards, but there certainly ought to be some other method of accomplishing this end than by allowing any one man to dictate the price of our children's lives. In view of the fact that he was largely indebted to others for aid and suggestions, it can only be regarded as an instance of over-weening greed and we trust that his effort to appropriate to himself large commercial gains may prove unsuccessful. It is somewhat significant that in no other country has he been allowed a protection by patent and we sincerely hope that our government may succeed in avoiding the enforcement of this patent.

JAMES W. WALKER, M. D.

Ballard building, Chicago.

To those who have been the victims of slander we commend the philosopher Plato, who, when asked what he was going to do in view of the fact that some one had spoken evil of him, replied that he was going to live in such a way that no one would believe it.

"Upon a man stating that he owned a mule, a friend asserted that it was a case of self-possession."

Ole Oleson's Great Trial.

I once went with a comrade, who, by the way, I afterward learned was an eminent surgeon of one of the medical colleges of Chicago, into the northern wilds of Wisconsin on a hunting and exploring expedition, to live in the woods for an autumn month away from houses and roads, out of sight and hearing of all familiar sights and sounds, twelve miles, as we used to say, from anywhere. We were in the deep woods—the virgin forest—with only our compasses to guide us, and often not even a footpath to follow, away up in Price county, on the Flambeau river above the Flambeau falls, that beautiful cataract which sings its song of the useful power of a waterfall to the trees and the few birds, the timid animals and the wild men who inhabit that wild abode.

My companion was, as I have said, a scientist, seeking, as I was, health and recreation away from the perplexing problems, the irksome duties and the senseless conventionalities of civilized life. I ran across him on the cars. With his rough hunter's suit and his open countenance I thought I saw a good fellow to camp with—a genial companion for the solitudes of the forest. I found I was not mistaken. By his bright and intelligent eye, his alert manner and the confident and almost affectionate way he handled his heavy rifle I was convinced he was a sportsman and a good shot. In this I was not deceived, but I am not to tell you at this time the story of the hunt. I will only say that it was a fairly successful one, and I have no doubt the doctor has hanging in his office more than one set of antlers that still remind him of our camp in the big woods. Many a hard tramp we had together, and I found him one of the best woodsmen and surest shots I ever met.

Frank, as I learned to call him long before I knew he was a doctor, had been in the woods that summer and selected a hunting ground. All he wanted was a partner, and I seemed to suit him. He took me and never said anything that indicated he was sorry for his bargain.

We were not compelled to build a camp, but found one ready made, occupied by two Norwegians, who had gone back into the woods some years before to take the forest cure for the liquor habit, a cure that will beat the Keeley cure every time. One of them, Swenson by name, was a cook—a superfine, scientific cook. The other one, Ole, was a machinist, and a good one. What he could not make out of iron and wood would be a curiosity. He had fitted up a shop and forge away back in the woods, and the rattle of his hammer on the anvil awoke the echoes of the forest walls, often, when he was only shaping some curiosity in metal work to keep himself busy, and, as he said, to scare the devils away. Swenson and Ole had cleared up an acre or two in the track of a tornado that had gone near them a few years before, and which had literally grubbed and plowed the ground in its course, although it had made a poor job of piling the logs and brush. On this acre they had raised a splendid lot of vegetables—beets, turnips, carrots, cabbages, potatoes, celery and radishes—with which they had stocked a dugout root-house for their own use, hoping to get some hunters like Frank and me, or some wandering woodsmen to board with them at times.

Swenson was a morose and silent man, who shut himself up in his cook shanty, and seemed to care for our company only at meals. He was anxious to please our palates, so as to reach our pockets, though I could never guess what use he could have for money in that wilderness, except what little he needed to replenish his stock of those culinary articles he could not raise in his garden or find in the woods, such as flour, sugar, salt, coffee, tea, baking powder and spices. The most luscious blackberries and immense raspberries grew by hundreds of bushels in the windfall. Along the river wild plums, currants and gooseberries grew in the greatest profusion, and the pies and sauces that Swenson dished up to us had a flavor that civilized fruits and berries only hint at in a very weak way.

Ole was a different kind of man. He was intensely interested in us as his guests, not for the money he could make, but for the fun he wanted us to get. He volunteered his services as guide when we needed one, helped us carry in our game, lent us his hound, at the risk of being fined by the game warden, to chase in a wary old buck who had outwitted us, and entertained us in the evenings with a violin, which he said he had made there in the woods. He was not an Ole Bull, certainly, though he resembled him in feature. But when he was wrapped up in his music, which may have been his own improvisations, or the war melodies and love songs of the Norse kings, his eye flamed, his cheek flushed, his vigorous arm made that old fiddle ring until it seemed to play a cadence to the roaring Flambeau river, whose song was endless in all its rapid course.

I soon saw there was much of a man in Ole Olson, notwithstanding the evident ravages that whisky had made. I cultivated his friendship and finally won his confidence, and to the "Judge," as he called me, he related the history of his life, his struggles against the demon of alcohol, how at last it had vanquished him so that he was forced to go away back into the woods *where it could not find him.*

He was, he said, the son of very respectable middle-class people in Norway. He had received more than an ordinary education. His parents, though poor, had judiciously expended the money they could spare in giving him a course in a technical school, and he had served his time in a machinist's shop. In Norway the chances for a young man of Ole's attainments are not what they are in America. And, like many another hopeful and enthusiastic young countryman, he resolved to carry his skill and seek the reward for it over the sea.

Only one thing made it hard for Ole to come away. A neighbor's daughter had a string on his heart, and she was tied as an only child to middle aged parents, who could not be induced to emigrate to America, or be brought to think of parting with Berthe, their only one. They tried to get Ole to settle down on that side of the sea, and for a time he tried it in Christiania, but although wages were fairly good and he could see the time ahead when he could support a wife, there was all the time a humming in his head which said, America! America! America! He could not put his heart into his work and at last he gave it up. He went to see Berthe at her home. When her parents saw how he was possessed with the idea of America they finally gave their consent that Berthe should give Ole her promise to wait for him five years. If during that time he established himself in the new world, and would then come for her with the evidences in his hand that he had done so, she would marry him and go back with him, even if she could not induce her parents to go with her. "I sailed then," said Ole, "with joy and hope in my heart. Oh, I knew that there were places in that boundless country where such a man as I was eagerly looked for. I would show them how useful I could be, what wonderful things I could do with wood and iron. I had no more money than would pay my passage and my fare to La Crosse, but I had health and strength, good habits and wonderful skill, and I knew they were worth more than money."

Ole soon found work in one of the great woodworking establishments at La Crosse, at moderate wages at first, but with an increase each month as his employers found what a valuable man they had hired. He

made many friends with his genial ways and his wonderful violin. He has led gradually into the drinking habit; not to what is called excess, but he became "hail fellow well met" at more than one saloon, for the saloon was then about the only place provided for the employes of those great lumber companies to spend their time. He drank often with his employers, men not too proud to shake an honest workman's hand, and who held it an honor to clink glasses with the ingenious and skillful Ole Olson. Gradually and imperceptibly the habit grew upon him. His hand was unsteady unless his nerves were braced with alcohol. His mind, as he expressed it, had cobwebs on it without his dram at morning, noon and night. He was not at all alarmed. The custom of drinking was universal. No one ever intimated to him his danger.

The company he worked for decided to build another great mill away up on the Chippewa river. Ole, with other mechanics, was sent up to install the machinery. At that time, after two years' work, he had about fifteen hundred dollars in the company's hands belonging to him. He could draw it out any time in cash, and he promised himself and had so written Berthe, that after the big new mill was started he would call for his time, draw his money and go as soon as the fastest steamship of the Skandinavian line could get him there, back to Norway, to claim the fulfillment of the promise she had given him when he had sailed away, an empty-handed boy, to seek his fortune in the New World.

There was no liquor at the place where they went to build the new mill. The proprietors, of course, had not included it in the list of their necessary supplies, and Ole, for the month that he was there, practiced total abstinence, much against his inclination. "I actually suffered," said Ole, "in body and mind. For the first week or so it was torture to work without the usual stimulant. I finally got over that somewhat, and then looked forward to the end of the job, as, not the consummation of the hope which had buoyed me up all those two long years, but as a time when I could knock off work, have plenty of money in my pocket and all the whisky I could drink for a week before starting to Norway."

The end of the job came. Ole took his time from the foreman, got on a "tote team," as the supply teams are called, rode down to La Crosse, drew his money—all of it—from the company and went on a spree.

A month after that Ole awoke one afternoon in an old shed at the back of a saloon, clothed in dirty rags, not a nickel in his pocket, sick in body, and, as he said after he realized what he had done, "a great deal sicker in soul." For a day or so the temptation to drown himself was so strong that he often found himself walking rapidly toward the river. Finally he summoned up courage to go up to the company's office. "Hello, Ole! I heard you was on a big spree. Have you got over it?" "Yes!" laconically replied Ole. "Have you spent all your money?" "Yes." "Do you want to go to work?" "Yes" again. And to work he went, determined to retrieve his fortune before the allotted five years that Berthe had promised to wait for him expired. He begged to be sent back to the new mill, where there was no liquor, and to the new mill he was sent.

In two years more Ole had saved another thousand dollars.

Again he started for Norway, by the way of La Crosse. He never got any farther. In an unguarded moment he had joined some old friends in a social glass, and the old story was repeated. Ole went back to the new mill again with only a year ahead of him. By the end of that year quite a town had sprung up around the new mill. Liquor sellers, who are at least as enterprising as any other class of business men, moved their business nearer to the prosperous working men of the new town—into the town itself in fact—and Ole could not go to his work in the morning, home to his dinner or back to his lodging at night without passing saloons with their inviting interiors and their importunate salesmen. Not a place to spend leisure hours but there. Scarcely a friend but was a frequenter of the saloon. The inevitable happened. Ole fell again. His last five hundred dollars went with the expiring year of his probation, and a letter came from Berthe saying the minister's son had proposed for her hand in marriage. She was tired of waiting for Ole. Her parents wanted to see her married and hold a son of hers in their arms before they died. Good-by.

Poor Ole! He didn't remember much that happened for a year after that. He said he became perfectly worthless; lost his job, of course, in the mill, and sank down, down, down into that pit of utter degradation, a besotted drunkard's existence. At last he came to himself. He saw that liquor would find him wherever civilization (?) existed. He formed the resolution to bury himself in the deep woods forever, if it was necessary, to overcome the drink habit. He ran across Swenson as he was making his simple preparations, and together they made their way up the Chippewa and the Flambeau to the place where we found them. "And here I shall stay," said Ole, "as long as I live, I expect, for I have been here some years now, and I know that if I could get liquor it would be the same old thing again. I have lost Berthe through my own fault. This is a lonesome life without a wife. I am well and comfortably fixed. My gun gets my meat. My gunsmithing and blacksmith shop buys my flour and groceries. Our garden and the trees in God's orchard furnish us vegetables and fruit, and the river is full of fish. What more do I want? My violin is my only company. Old Swenson is always shut up in his hut. I want a wife. No white woman would come here to marry me. I am afraid to go after one. I am going to marry a squaw. I know a handsome one up here on Beaver creek, whose mother wants to marry her to a white man. Can you marry folks, Judge?"

"No," I replied, "I am sorry to say I cannot, so far from home. I am afraid my matrimonial jurisdiction does not extend within miles from this place."

"All right," said Ole, "to-morrow is Sunday"—a fact that had escaped my reckoning—"and I am going up the creek to see her. She is half white and is an educated squaw. Her folks are pretty fine folks. Her grandfather is old Chief Chippenazy, named after a river of that name, or the river after him, as he looks about as old as the river. Her mother can talk English and we will have a good visit. It is only a hunting camp of ten or fifteen families, but they have got all their belongings with them, and have got permission from the agent to stay all winter. You come along with me."

Next day Ole dug out of an old carved Norwegian chest, the same one that held all his personal estate when he came over from Norway, and which, somehow, he had always kept, a bran new suit of black cassimere, some fine calfskin boots, a starched and glossy shirt, collar and cuffs, a suit he said he had sent for to Chippewa Falls a year or so ago. Ole washed and shaved, twisted his tawny moustache and imperial into as military a style as possible, donned his new suit, and away we went to the Indian camp. I had only a rough hunter's suit and felt a little out of place with Ole's holiday attire.

I wish I could describe that Indian camp to you. Twelve or fifteen birchbark wigwams clustered in a little cove on Beaver creek, not too far from the Flambeau to prevent our hearing its everlasting song. The trees were festooned with fish and the various varieties of game. Of course, deer were most plentiful. Superb

bucks, fat, sleek does and graceful fawns hung side by side with clusters of spruce partridges, long strings of swamp hares and such smaller game, trophies of the archery of the Indian boys, piles of frozen fish on platforms out of the way of dogs, the grinning skulls of several big bears, denuded of their skin, and stuck on poles before some unusually successful hunter's lodge. Furs and skins innumerable were to be seen, fruits of a successful four weeks' hunt of a band of hunters by profession, incomparable for skill and cunning and as proud and happy over the display as any white sportsmen could be, although it meant more to them, for it was a relief to the extreme poverty which is the normal condition of an Indian's life. One ghastly exhibition was to be seen. On several trees hung what appeared to be, even on close inspection, dead Indian babies about a year old. I was horrified at the sight and called Ole's attention to them. He laughed and said they were dressed and smoked porcupines. The resemblance was most striking, and I cannot but believe that some rude stroke of humor had prepared them in such a way as to increase the likeness. It was that day a most peaceful scene. The picturesque bark wigwams, as perfect in their style of architecture as the proudest palace or cathedral, and much better adapted to their uses than many a civilized dwelling, stood out upon a background of snow, relieved by evergreens—the most enchanting picture of nomadic life I have ever seen.

The able-bodied men and boys were away on the river and in the woods, although it was Sunday, as there is no place for Sunday in the Indian's rude calendar. Their feast days occur when they have plenty to eat, their fast days when they are compelled to be abstemious.

The smoke curled gracefully from the openings at the top through the sooty cluster of lodge poles. Although we were greeted by a tempestuous chorus from a multitude of wolfish-looking dogs, who threatened to tear us limb from limb, but who scattered like a flock of birds when Ole threw a club at them, not an Indian, big or little, showed his head. We no doubt had been announced long before by some watchful Indian child. Everyone in the camp knew what our errand was, and we knew that through peep-holes in every wigwam keen black eyes were watching us curiously, admiring, no doubt, Ole's fine clothes, immaculate linen and glittering watch chain, contrasting them, doubtless to the Judge's disadvantage, with the common mackinaw suits which was all that celebrity had to wear in that part of the state, although he was supposed to be a "big man" in his own country.

Ole advanced without hesitation to the largest and most pretentious lodge in the village, threw back the blanket flap door, which closes the entrance to every wigwam, and we entered without any further ceremony. The ground floor was probably about twelve feet by ten, in the form of an ellipse. A bright wood fire was burning in the center, which made me uncomfortably warm in my mackinaws, and threatened soon to take the starch out of Ole's stiff collar. Before the fire lay old Chief Chippenazy, warming his bronzed limbs and broad back, having on only a pretense of clothing—a ragged old woolen shirt. He sat up at our entrance, smiled a most ferocious smile, extended his hand and grunted out, "How!" probably the only English word he knew or cared to know. At one end of the wigwam reclined a comely woman, a full-blooded Indian about forty years old—not the hag that most of them are at that age, but well preserved, bright-eyed, honest and intelligent looking, who greeted us in good English, with, "Good day! Ole, good day, Judge." At the other end sat Ole's girl, a half-breed Chippewa maiden of sixteen or seventeen years. She was not what we would call pretty or beautiful, but a most interesting looking girl. She was neatly dressed in civilized garb—a calico dress and congress gaiters—all put on, no doubt, for the occasion. There were some coquettish looking ruffles around the neck, on the bosom and along the sleeves. Some glittering beads showed here and there at her throat, on her belt and at her instep. Her abundant raven hair was tastefully arranged and her whole person seemed as sweet and clean as one would see anywhere in a day's march. No wonder Ole was resigned to the loss of the yellow-haired Berthe. Here was a wood nymph to be had for the taking. In fact, I could see from the gratified smiles which old Chippenazy and his daughter bestowed on the Norseman that the girl was being almost thrust upon him. The old chief lit his pipe, took a whiff or two, and, with an apologetic glance at me, presented it to Ole first, as the guest of the occasion. Then seeing that he could be of no further use, he relapsed into his attitude of a gnarled old tree trunk and went to sleep before the fire. I studied him for a few moments. He looked, as Ole said, as old as any river, and as he lay there with his scarred breast, and eagle's beak of a face, his coarse gray hair and savage surroundings, I could imagine myself transported back in the centuries to Old King Philip's time, before the white man with his civilizing influences had disturbed the primitive life of the red man.

Ole soon found a seat by the side of his Minnehaha, and I sat down by the mother, curious as I always find myself to get into the inner life, to peer under the surface of these primitive ways and get at the thoughts and motives of these shy, reticent people. She readily engaged in conversation. She told me that the half-breed girl was a child she had before her marriage to the Indian hunter who was the father of the numerous brown-skinned children I saw peeping at us from different parts of the lodge. The girl's father, she said, was a white man who had used her cruelly. The dream of her life was to marry her daughter to a white man. Said she: "I have educated her at the mission school. She can read and write. She can cut and make her clothes. She made those she has on. She can cook on a stove. I have kept her good so far, but I must marry her soon. Two or three Indian hunters want her, but I want her to marry a white man. Ole has asked for her. What do you think of it? I know you are a good man and will advise a poor Indian mother right. You know Ole better than I do. Do you think he will treat her well?"

"My dear woman," said I, "I will guarantee Ole to make her a good man. He has a nice place up here in the woods, not too far from the reservation but that you can come and see your daughter any time. You may be sure he will take care of her. It is an elegant match for her and a good one for Ole. He needs a wife, and just such a one as she will make. They will found a tribe here in the forest, and some day, when the trees are all cut, people will come and make a settlement here." "Ah," said she, "but that won't do. I have seen too much of that. Ole, if he marries her, must take her away at once where white folks live if she is to be a white woman. If she stays in the woods and sees only Indians she will be a Chippewa squaw and Ole will be a squaw man. I shall not give her to Ole unless he promises to take her out of the woods. He is a good blacksmith and can make money down in the settlements, and their children can go to school, wear shoes and be white people; but if they stay here they will wear moccasins and be Indians. When they grow up they will marry Indians, if white men have not ruined them before then with whisky and worse. I want her to be a white woman! I want her to be a white woman!" "My poor woman," said I, "there are worse things than being an Indian. Ole is a man who cannot go where liquor is without becoming a worthless drunkard. Your daughter would be a hun-

dred times better off as the wife of one of those Indian hunters you spoke of than to be a drunkard's wife. Don't persuade Ole to go back to the settlements. He is reasonably happy now and would be completely so if you would give your daughter to him. But if you cannot do that, and I more than half believe you are right, let him alone as he is. He has tried and tried to live in the settlements, and he can't do it. Unless you would consent to let him take her away out into Dakota, into a place where he could not get liquor, don't let him take here away from here." The tears came into the poor mother's eyes—the only Indian tears I ever saw.

"My God, what shall I do?" said she in a most dejected tone. "I have heard of Dakota. There are no trees there. She would die of longing in a year. I must wait. I must say no to Ole. Something may yet turn up."

Of course our conversation was not held in the exact language I have here used. We both spoke in a tone too low for the others to hear. I have given you the substance and the matter of it. The girl, either with her sharp earshot or sharper intuition, had divined the subject of our conversation and its conclusion. Ole and I took our leave. The woman did not look up. The girl shot a reproachful look at me as I went out. I told Ole what the woman said. Ole agreed with me that he could not trust himself in the settlement, but could not exactly see why the girl could not be a white woman in the woods. He said it all depended on the mother's consent. The girl had no more to say about it than his gun had when he swapped rifles.

I left that "neck of woods" soon after. The next year I hunted on the same river, about thirty miles above. I inquired about Ole and Swenson, and was told by woodsmen that they were still there and Ole was still a bachelor. What became of the Indian maid I never knew. Whether her mother found the coveted white man to take her out of the woods or whether she married some Indian hunter and remained a squaw, I never knew, and probably shall never know.

Wyoming, Wis. ROBERT JOINER.

Good Poetry.

From the Flats.

What heartache—ne'er a hill!
Inexorable, vapid, vague and chill
The drear sand-levels drain my spirit low.
With one poor word they tell me all they know;
Whereat their stupid tongues, to tease my pain,
Do drawl it o'er again and o'er again.
They hurt my heart with griefs I cannot name:
Always the same, the same.

Nature hath no surprise,
No ambuscade of beauty 'gainst mine eyes
From brake or lurking dell or deep defile;
No humors, frolic forms—this mile, that mile;
No rich reserves or happy-valley hopes
Beyond the bend of roads, the distant slopes.
Her fancy fails, her wild is all run tame:
Ever the same, the same.

Oh, might I through these tears
But glimpse some hill my Georgia high uprears,
Where white the quartz and pink the pebble shine,
The hickory heavenward strives, the muscadine
Swings o'er the slope, the oak's far-falling shade
Darkens the dogwood in the bottom glade,
And down the hollow from a ferny nook
Lull sings a little brook!

Sidney Lanier.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar Allan Poe.

Thy Part.

Pause not to think how short the day,
Thy strength how frail;
Pause not to count the long delay,
The hopes that fail.

Thy times are in the hands of *One*
Who changeth not;
Thy part, to do, ere set of sun,
The task allot.

What tho' the shadows o'er thee fall,
While still afar
The goal thou seek'st above thy pall
It shines—a star!

Love falters not, tho' small the deed,
And weak the hand,
And deep the gulf of human need
Her faith hath spanned.

Not what might be, but what *is* thine,
Behooveth thee;
Can'st thou, from earth's low bound, divine
Eternity?

Up! Thank thy God and courage take!
Tho' long the way.
The evening and the morning make
His perfect day.

High guerdon hast thou: bow thy head!
For thou art come
To those pure ranks of spirits sped;
They bid thee home.

Art thou not one with present—past—
And time to be?
Earth's noblest own thee comrade—cast
Their lot with thee.

Then faint no more, whatever be
Thy effort frail;
Faith, hope, and love, companion thee—
And cannot fail.

Frances Margaret Milne.

What God wants is men great enough to be small enough to be used.—*H. W. Webb-Peploe.*

Out Doors.

It had been a long, hot dusty ride, twenty miles of glaring road, uncertain with dust holes and rocks, when we pulled into the town of Laytonville in the Coast Range. There lay the valley with its beautiful white oaks scattered through the wheat fields before us, and behind were the foothills with bush and brown grass and scrub pine cut through by the redwood cañons. The breathless air shimmered as if rising from a furnace. We tied our horses and sought a cool place to wait till supper, and then for the stage, which passed at midnight. It would be pleasant to be able to say that the sign over the door of the cool place said "Root beer and other destructive temperance drinks," but it did not.

We had been out in the mountains for a month, burning in the heat and sleeping on any kind of ground that lay at the surface, and now at the end of it a chair and a table and some stale newspapers went far toward making an oasis.

The great man waited on us; he had been mentioned as a candidate for Congress; he had been in the legislature; he was proud, but not distant. He came from Pike County, Missouri, and I believe could cook on both sides the frying pan at once. For be it known that the frying pan serves the native of Pike County, Missouri, as wash bowl, oven, dinner bell, musical instrument, pillow and buggy whip.

The great man queried: "D'ye see some Wylackie Injuns on Eel River? They're quare critters, them Wylackies. They used to kill 'em hereabouts same as bar and lions, but I never took to it. They was a feller ketched one in a bar trap one night an killed him with a club in the mornin', but that was too mean for me. Jim Bowers he married a Wylackie squaw, and I guess she kicked about that act. Anyhow, Jim got that feller next summer over back of San Hedron; he never showed the skelp, but he got him all right." There was no pause after this tremendous test of our credulity. "Yes, they're curus critters, but I don't see no harm in 'em. If they eat yellow jackets and hoppers and catapillars, I don't mind, and the stock they eat mostly dies natural. It's curus how them cusses likes likker, more'n most white men. A little alcohol an' red pepper an' tobacker etcetery, shore gives 'em a big time. Up there to Covelo they feed it to 'em regular, but we're kinder strick about it here.

"Ole Yeller Jacket he got in a row one night an' he run agin an' Injun from up Eureky way. An' the other Injun he plugged ole Jacket, a dead center, too. But he'd reloaded his own catridges—say, Jim, bring up three more bottles, the men are shore dry—and them Injun's powder is wus'n Injun whisky, an' not so powful. Wal ole Jacket he come in here and made out like I was a big medicine man. Course I like to prescribe, same as everbody else. So Jacket he opened up his shirt and showed a hole in his brisket. I got out my knife an' poked it in, and the bullet wasn't very deep, and Jacket he didn't squirm none. So I chopped a spell, but couldn't git hold of that blame 'forty-four.' 'N Jacket he pried the hole open in good shape, too. 'N then Bill Saunders he come in an lowed that a pair o' sheep shears was the thing an' we finally dug her out."

Here the great man produced a much battered Winchester rifle ball from his pocket. "Wal, that Injun made out like he felt sick, and actually asked me fer a drink, which is agin the law to sell or give to Injuns. But I seen that if I done so I'd have to run an Injun hospital, an' be encouragin' internecine feuds, I believe they call 'em, so I throwed him out." "What air ye lyin' about?" says Bill Saunders at this juncture. "Don't make yerself no meaner'n ye air." "Wa-al, as I was sayin'," said the great man, "them Wylackies ain't bad fer Injuns, and old Jacket's a good feller and ketches me salmon every winter."

And if there are any lies in this they were told me for facts, and I believe them—some of them.

WILLIAM KENT.

The Pulpit.

England in 1776; America in 1899.

A Washington's Birthday Address, by William M. Salter, given before the Society for Ethical Culture of Chicago, in Steinway Hall, Sunday, Feb. 26, 1899.

Washington's Birthday, like the Fourth of July, takes us back to an inspiring period in our country's history. The charm of both is that they lift us into an atmosphere of principles; the Fourth of July commemorates an enunciation of them—the birthday we have just passed a man who grandly fought and grandly lived for them. For the moment, remembering at least what our ancestors have done, if not in view of anything we are doing to-day, we feel it is great to be Americans. We realize that we belong to a country that is "dedicated," to use Lincoln's word, to an idea—that was baptized (if I may borrow a term from religion), baptized with tears and blood, into a mission. Defender and guardian of liberty—this is our proud thought of America. In the name of liberty she may do much; against liberty she may do nothing. With the love of liberty gone, America would be but a name.

I ask you to go back with me this morning and conceive the circumstances in which this nation was born. And if you will allow me, I will shift the scene and instead of picturing the state of affairs in the colonies, as is customarily done, will in some imperfect fashion bring England before our view. In a sense, English aggression is as much responsible for independent and liberty-loving America as any action of America itself.

The English government a century and a half ago was, in effect, the rule of a few great families. In England they ruled with some regard to the liberties of the citizens. Rights under the Great Charter were respected and there was, roughly speaking, a representation of the people in Parliament. No taxes could be imposed except by Parliament. Outside England, however, the ruling families had a freer hand. The English people had little to say about foreign affairs. Yet in America colonies of Englishmen had formed themselves that irritated England's rulers by their pretty large claims to rights of self-rule. They were loyal in spirit to the mother country, but as they were not represented in Parliament they held that they should have local assemblies to fix the taxes that Parliament fixed for their brethren across the sea. They did not conceive that this was revolutionary, but only an assertion of their ancient liberties as Englishmen. In various ways that I need not stop to specify, their instincts for self-government and the English government's desire to rule them came into collision. A crisis came with the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765. In a lesser matter James Otis had already contended that the rights of a colonial assembly, as regarded the expenditure of public money, were as sacred as the rights of the House of Commons; and now formal resolutions were passed by the assemblies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennslyvania, Virginia and South Carolina, denying the right of Parliament to tax the colonies without their consent. If properly solicited, they would give liberally to meet the mother country's needs, but they would not be forced; they objected to the law which they had no hand in making. Patrick Henry said, "The taxation of the people by themselves, or by persons chosen by

themselves to represent them . . . . is the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom." Gadsden of South Carolina declared, "We should stand upon the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men and as descendants of Englishmen."

There can be no doubt that England went wrong and contrary to the spirit of its own constitution. The interesting thing is that there were men in England itself who admitted it. When trouble ensued in America and a fierce debate was on in Parliament, Pitt (afterward Lord Chatham) hastened from a sick bed to the House of Commons and avowed that he rejoiced in the resistance of the Americans and declared that if they had submitted to the tax they would have shown themselves only fit to be slaves. He pointed out that the Americans were upholding principles of political justice, which should be to all Englishmen most dear, and, what is most significant, that a victory over the colonies would be of ill-omen for English liberty. "Beware," he said, "how you persist in this ill-considered policy. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man, with his arms round the pillar of the constitution." Mr. John Fiske,* commenting on the scene, says, that from the history of the European world, since the later days of the Roman Republic, there is no more important lesson to be learned than that it is impossible for a free people to govern a dependent people despotically without endangering its own freedom. The great-minded man accordingly urged that the Stamp Act be instantly repealed and that the reason for the repeal should be avowed to be that it "was founded on an erroneous principle." Others in the Commons, and some, even, in the House of Lords, coincided with him in his view, and the result was that the English government righted itself and the act was repealed. That the people of London were not really in sympathy with the oppressive measure was shown by their receiving the news of the repeal with enthusiastic delight. So little unanimity was there in the English nation in embarking on a course alien to its better instincts and traditions; so bravely did some of its great men stand out to stem the tide.

But an evil genius interfered to break up the fair prospect of peace that was thus opened. Whether it was an evil genius of destiny or the evil genius of a foolish and blundering personality (or set of personalities) I will not undertake to say. The extraordinary thing is that owing to a peculiar set of circumstances (prominent among which was Chatham's ill health), a man came to the fore in the English government and led it in a career of folly, whose name has almost been forgotten since. Charles Townshend is known to the historian, but to few besides, yet it was he, who, as member of a ministry, suggested a policy to the king which the king took up, and which he persisted in after his counselor was dead and gone, persisted in till he brought on the Revolution, with all its lamentable results to British pride and its fatal results to British authority. This policy was to put a new tax on the colonies under a new and specious guise. The tax was to be a port tax—a duty, that is, on a number of articles brought to American ports. In principle the Americans had assented to the like in the past, and so technically they could not resist now. But coupled with the measure were provisions for using the duties to pay fixed salaries to the royal governors and to the justices appointed at the king's pleasure; also provisions for a civil list in each colony, to be responsible only to the crown; and, still further, for a board of revenue commissioners armed with extraordinary powers. Besides all this was an act suspending the New York assembly until it should comply with certain Parliamentary instructions as to providing supplies for British troops quartered in New York City—supplies which the assembly had insisted on providing in its own way. In other words, really though not ostensibly, a new principle was involved; the regulation of trade was but an excuse—the real object was to let the colonists feel the weight of Parliamentary authority. Like all disingenuousness, such a policy only worked added exasperation. I will not stop to describe American feeling or to recount the stirring incidents down to the Tea Party in 1773 and to Lexington and Concord in 1775; what I am concerned for is to show that there were Englishmen who opposed the new measures and to bring the English situation before you.

As early as 1769 the opposition came to a head. An effort was made to rescind the Townshend acts. There was partial success in so far as all the duties were recalled, except a trifling duty on tea. Even this did not satisfy the clear headed minority. An effort was made in 1774 to wipe out this last vestige of arbitrary authority. Burke then made one of his great speeches, revealing the moderation, the lofty wisdom, the noble temper which made up the better side of the man. No one ever doubted, he admitted, that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of three pence. But, he added, no commodity will bear three pence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated and two millions of people are resolved not to pay. The question of a right to tax he disdained to discuss. The question with me, he said less than a year afterward in another great speech on conciliation with America, and the point is the same in both—the question is, "not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy. It is not what a lawyer tells me I may do, but what humanity, reason and justice tell me I ought to do. . . . Or does it lessen the grace or dignity of relaxing in the exercise of an odious claim, because you have your evidence room full of titles and your magazines stuffed with arms to enforce them?" The honor, the dignity, of the nation were talked of. It was said to be no time to talk of repeal when America was in open resistance to British authority. Lord North, the prime minister, who had said before "America must fear you before she can love you," now added, "To repeal the tea duty would stamp us with timidity." But Burke replied, "I know not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible encumbrance to you, for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity and every idea of your policy." Burke, too, felt what Chatham had already divined. "In order," he said, "to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims which preserve the whole spirit of our own. To prove that the Americans ought not to be free, we are obliged to depreciate the value of freedom itself, and we never seem to gain a paltry advantage over them in debate without attacking some of those principles or deriding some of those feelings for which our ancestors have shed their blood;" and so, he added, "an Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery."

And yet, despite these warnings, despite impassioned pleadings to England's better sense, which I should like to quote, did time permit, the fatal day came on. Grievance on grievance was added in England; resistance on resistance followed in America. At last British soldiers fired on Americans on Lexington green and the war—at first a war for simple justice on our side, but soon a war for independence—set in.

Ordinarily, we have only one thought about the war, and this is that England was in the wrong and we were in the right. And this is true. But what I am particularly concerned to bring out to-day is that there were Englishmen who protested against the

*I may say that I am throughout in the first part of my address indebted to Fiske's "The American Revolution" and "The Critical Period of American History."

wrong. There were men who lost neither their heads nor their hearts and were true to the spirit of English liberty. There were men who scorned to do an unbrotherly thing to their kinsmen across the sea, yet whose hearts were so much greater than the narrow, misguided policy their country was pursuing that they applauded the resistance which Americans made. In the House of Lords, as well as in the Commons, there were such men. The Duke of Richmond exclaimed in the House of Lords, "I wish from the bottom of my heart that the Americans may resist and get the better of the forces sent against them." Fox spoke of General Howe's first victory as the "terrible news from Long Island." In the House of Commons the Whigs habitually alluded to Washington's army as "our army," and to the American cause as the cause of liberty. Burke declared he would rather be a prisoner in the Tower than enjoy the blessings of freedom in company with those who were seeking to enslave America. These men did not think that once the war was on, patriotism commanded them to keep their mouths shut. Instead the Whigs went so far as to discourage enlistments; in various ways they so thwarted and vexed the government that the success of the Americans was by many people ascribed to their resistance. Chatham, whose lofty patriotism none could question—perhaps the grandest English figure of the century—withdrew his eldest son, Lord Pitt, from the army in 1775, lest he should be called upon to serve against the men who were defending the common liberties of Englishmen. As late as 1778, and after the humiliating defeat of the British at Saratoga, when every instinct of ordinary patriotism would have led to a more determined prosecution of the war than ever, Chatham would have liked to withdraw every British soldier from American soil, and had not his own death intervened he would probably have been made Prime Minister and carried out that or a similar policy. Yes, when the war was ended, with the defeat of the British arms, men of this stamp rejoiced. Fox, it is said, always took delight in reading about the defeats of invading armies, from Marathon and Salamis down; at the news of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown he leaped from his chair and clapped his hands. Young Pitt had been denouncing the war but a short time before its close as "most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust and diabolical;" and this led Burke to observe, "He is not a chip of the old block; he is the old block itself." Such were the grand men in England an hundred and more years ago. Though their country went wrong they stood grandly for the right. We honor them; there is not an American with a soul in him who does not uncover his head when he hears of these men, whose vision of principles nothing could blind. Yes, now that the long years have intervened and passions have subsided, these are the men whom England reveres. What Englishman, what English history, speaks now of George III with satisfaction, or of Lord North without apology, or of Charles Townshend without, I might almost say, execration? The latest historian of that momentous time, one of the most distinguished of England's men of letters and eminent in public life as well, Sir George Trevelyan, shows that his sympathies throughout are with the revolting colonists, not with the English king and his ministers. He prefixes to his work these lines of Tennyson's, which show what this master English poet also felt:

> "Strong mother of a Lion-line,
> Be proud of those strong sons of thine
> Who wrenched their rights from thee!"

My friends, when I first thought of recounting these and other similar facts to you on this day, so near the birthday of the honored founder of our country, my purpose was simply to awaken a kindlier and more generous feeling to England than we Americans are apt to have. But under the circumstances that are perforce in all our minds at the present time, they seem to me to have a still higher value. They are fraught with a momentous lesson. Who would have thought that a country founded on the right of self-government would ever be found denying that right to another people? Yet that is the predicament of American at the present time. Agreeably to our national spirit and traditions, we set out a year ago to free a people; now we are engaged in enslaving another people. So repugnant is conquest to the American spirit that we distinctly disavowed such a purpose in embarking in the war with Spain, and without such a disavowal, I make bold to say, this nation would never have gone to war. And there was nothing inconsistent with this purpose in breaking the Spanish power in the Philippines, and it would have been only an honorable extension of it to have set the Philippinos free, who had grievances against Spain equal to, if not greater, than those of the people of Cuba. It would have been in harmony with American traditions (even if against a surface view of the Monroe doctrine) to help the Philippinos to self-government, as we are to help the Cubans to self-government. If America has any world-wide mission it is, as times and circumstances permit, to extend the area of freedom in the world. But so far away from home as the China Sea we have forgotten our manners and we have forgotten our principles. We have not shown common courtesy to the natives who were endeavoring to organize a government, and we have not shown the slightest disposition to aid them in so doing. We have rather said, "No, the goveriment is with us rather than with you." We have, indeed, formally stepped into Spain's shoes and we are master now instead of Spain. This is the exact position of our government at the present time. We may grant self-government or we may not, but we recognize no rights of self-government on the part of the people. With a celerity somewhat extraordinary, since it was before the treaty of Paris was ratified or had become law, our Chief Magistrate proclaimed to the Philippinos that "the future control, disposition and government of the Philippine Islands are ceded to the United States." The issue is, I fear, deeper cut than I supposed it was when I spoke on the subject a fortnight ago—at least, it was impossible that the natives should have any other notion than that we intended to govern them, unless at the very time we took the title from Spain we declared that we only took it that we might set them free. Not up to this time have we made any such declaration; the resolution passed by the Senate did not make it; our chief magistrate has not made it, and it cannot be denied that the ruling influences at the present moment are all against making it, and, indeed, in favor of keeping the islands as permanent national property (I do not say territory, but property). One high in the councils of the nation, a peace commissioner, comes out to Chicago and says, "Hold what you are entitled to. If you are ever to part with it, wait at least till you have examined it and found out that you have no use for it." It is this uniformly disrespectful and sometimes contemptuous attitude of official America that has angered the Philippinos. For them at least the issue is clear-cut: Shall we govern them or shall they govern themselves? It is exactly the same issue as was before our forefathers, and America now takes the place of England. The same heedlessness, the same indifference to human rights, the same desire to assert our authority, is temporarily taking possession of us that took possession of King George and his ministers a century and a quarter ago. Rebels, we call the Philippinos, when their only sin is in trying to do what we once sought to do ourselves. We do not see this, because for the

time we are no longer ourselves, but England, old England, over again.

Ah, but it is said, the Philippinos are not like us, for we were Englishmen, and they are a foreign, an inferior race. But if so, then the wrong is only greater, the shame deeper. The English had some pretense of right in bringing into subjection members of their own family, children whom they had allowed to go forth, on the same principle that a man may take a liberty with his own household that he would not feel authorized to take with that of a neighbor. But we—what claim have we on the Philippinos? What possible reason is there why they should obey us? Did we send them forth? Have we protected them? Have we educated them? What, under heaven's name, I ask, have we done that they should feel they owe us anything? Our only title is that which Spain had, and we know what they felt they owed to Spain.

Moreover, whether for good or ill, whether truly or erroneously, our fundamental law took a wider scope than that of England. The English constitution turns on the rights of Englishmen. Our great charter asserts the rights of man. The English violate nothing when they go forth seizing foreign territory and subjugating alien races. We do. We sin against the image of liberty, enshrined in the very temple of the national life. We can only hold a people against their consent, as we turn the Declaration of Independence to the wall, like Italian women who veil the faces of their Madonnas in the hour of sin. There is no injury to a people like that involved in the destruction of its ideals. That is the danger threatening us at the present time. Instead of our conquering Spain, Spain, as another has remarked, threatens to conquer us.

'Tis true, we were already in dealing with negroes and Indians unfaithful to our great idea. But what an anomaly to plead this as an excuse for still grosser violations of it! In Burke's day there were those who said if America was not represented in Parliament neither was Manchester and other considerable English towns. "But," says Burke, "when America, this child of ours, wishes to assimilate to its parent, to reflect the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our constitution?" Strange, is it not, that those who wish to have us govern the Philippinos without their consent can only find their precedents in the things that have made our national shame!

But the Philippinos are not fit to govern themselves! They are not like us! Well, they are not. It would not occur to me to put them on a level with our Revolutionary forefathers or to compare their leader with the great Washington. But when will people ever learn to govern themselves save by governing? How does mankind learn to do anything but by doing it? An honored name in this country, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, has pointed out that the Roman government brought and mantained imperial rule in Great Britain during the first centuries of our era, only to emasculate the people. England has ruled India now for a century and a half, and instead of extending self-government, is actually at this moment preparing to abridge it. Another of our late peace commissioners has come out to Chicago to tell us, this past week, that we must not only hold the Philippines, but rule them till they are capable of self-rule—as if by holding a man under your knee you could ever teach him to rise! Ruling breeds the necessity of ruling—that is the lesson of all history. Only by leaving men free can you teach them to be free. This has been the instinct and the method of America thus far—we have so acted to Mexico, we have so acted toward the South American republics; we have protected them from foreign aggression, but we have left them to work out their own destinies, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams has remarked.

And suppose we do want to fit, by wise tutelage, the Philippinos for self-government, how fatally are we beginning the process! The chief justice of this commonwealth is quoted as wishing them to be forced, if need be, to respect the flag of the United States! We are enraged with them for firing on us; we will not treat with rebels till they submit; they must fear us before they can love us. This is Lord North over again. Love is never got in this way. I fear that if we had the best intentions in the world we have already irreparably injured our cause. America is already a hateful word to the Philippinos—and we have earned that hate. They are nauseated with our philanthropy, our slippery phrases. An observer says they laughed at the President's proclamation, for they were used to fine sentiments in Spanish proclamations from of old, and the only solid statement they could discover now was that the islands had become American property, that American troops were to occupy them at once, and that anyone who resisted was to be brought into subjection. Burke could have told us that this was a poor way to begin to civilize a people. He would have raised the doubt whether fighting a people was the best way of gaining them; he would have cited the instances of Ireland, of Wales, of the County Palatine of Chester, to show that force is of little avail, even to establish order; he would have declared he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people; he would not have counseled standing on rights of titles when a people is irritated and angry; he would have suggested fidelity, clemency and kindness as the natural means of securing peace, good-will, order and esteem on the part of the governed, and he would have put fidelity first—something that has been conspicuously absent from our treatment of the trusting Philippinos. Indeed, the folly, the egregious folly, of the method we have pursued would perhaps most have struck our philosopher statesman. We thought we were so wise, and Mr. Reid comes out here, rubbing his hands and telling us, Why, we have got more than you wanted—and, truly, we have got more than we wanted, and our wisdom is turned into foolishness. We have gone, we are going, I repeat, as England went a century and a quarter ago. England in 1776; America in 1899—so far as fundamental principles go, they are not widely to be distinguished; she was no more false to English liberty than we are false to American liberty.

The only practical question is, Can the tide be stemmed? My friends, I know not whether it can be stemmed or not. I only know wherein my duty lies. You will bear me witness, or others who know me will bear me witness, that at other critical times in the history of this city, or of the country, I have not taken counsel of public opinion or of Ethical Societies, or of anything but the clearest light I could gather in my own mind. As I see, I must speak. And I see dishonor, disgrace, sacrilege in the present attitude of my country, and I must speak it out. I wish the defeat of American arms in the Philippines, I applaud the resistance of the Philippinos (barring the incendiarism and assassinations, which are only, however, the weapons of weakness and despair), and I would not counsel or encourage the enlistment of a single soldier to shoot them down. If one becomes a traitor for saying such things, then let one be a traitor, as the Duke of Richmond, as Lord Chatham, as Fox and as Burke were once traitors to England. Such a word was bandied about by hot-headed tories in that day. Time and history will tell who really love America and who are betraying it in this present crisis. I would, if it were in my power, recall every American soldier and sailor from the Philippine Islands, save such as are needed to protect the islands against foreign aggression, and such as may be necessary to protect the property and lives of American or European residents

in the Philippine towns; I would do so even after the blood of our soldiers that has been spilled, and because it has been spilled and to prevent further spilling, and I would do it after the precedent which the greatest English statesman of the last century would have set had not death put an untimely end to his glorious career. I would assure the native government of our friendliness and good-will. If it was not altogether good, I should wait in hope for it to become better—not by force, but by a natural and normal evolution. The natives may be more or less divided—so were we in the last century, Georgia and South Carolina even coming to blows once over the navigation of the Savannah river, and colonial governors, thinking that if the hand of Great Britain were once taken off there would be chronic civil war all the way from Maine to Georgia. What Aguinaldo certainly is we do not know; we only know that the petitions and protests of our own forefathers were represented in England as the attempts of a few vile demagogues to sow the seeds of dissension over the continent. What the power of the native government is to maintain order, we do not certainly know—we only know that not one evidence of disorder (aside from martial disturbances, for which we are directly responsible) has come to us over the wires. In all probability the native government could maintain order as well as most of the South American states do, and, in any case, could, after what has happened, maintain it infinitely better than we can. We are already an enemy, and no conqueror can rule like a home government.

The great thing, the thing worthy of a great, free people, is to let our paper titles rot in our hands, or make the best dicker we can for them with the Philippine government, and meet as a friend the aspirations of this long-suffering people. Let us do what Chatham would have dared to do, and own we were in the wrong. Let us follow another Englishman of this generation, who equaled him in magnanimity, and who, after looking into the case of the Dutch farmers in the Transvaal, and becoming convinced that England had erred, conceded their demands, even after serious military defeat at their hands—William Ewart Gladstone.

This is not a party question. There are no more true and tried Republicans than some of those who oppose our present governmental policy, and there are Democrats who favor it.

I am not one of those who believe that as yet destiny is manifest in this matter. I am not one who would record his protest and then drop his hands or lose heart. The way this nation is to go is not yet determined, and duty, to use the noble language of our Chief Magistrate here in Chicago last autumn, may yet determine it. I sometimes think that while we hear the din and the cheers of the clubs, and while most of the newspapers in the land are leading, or at least acquiescing in the noisy stream, the great under-currents of this nation's life are not yet felt. I suspect there is still a deep fund of Americanism in the American people. I suspect the plain man, the little shopkeeper, the workingman, the farmer, the honest business man, the great silent majority in the land, are not taken in by this mock patriotism, this mock philanthropy, much less by these unblushing expressions of greed, of which we hear so much, or that if they are taken in for the moment they can be undeceived by the plain, straight talking that may yet come. At bottom, I believe the people want right, and they know that violence, taking a man's or a people's liberty, can't be right. And if the moral awakening does come, then good-by to all the rotten rabble that are urging the nation on in its present course—good-by to the franchise seekers and those who are preparing to loot the islands of the sea, not content with the cities and fields they have ravaged at home! Good-by to them, good-by to them at home as well as abroad! And welcome honest and open ways once more, welcome honest men, welcome honest wealth, welcome wealth that never serves itself save as it serves all men equally, welcome a new day for this country, a new day for mankind! If we can put Satan behind us and set the Philippines and Cuba and Porto Rico on the way to freedom, America in 1899 may yet be redeemed from its grim parallelism with England in 1776.

The Study Table.

The Kingdom (Basileia). An Exegetical Study. By George Dana Boardman. New York: Scribner's Sons, 1899; VIII, 348.

After long and honorable service as a preacher and expositor of the Bible, Dr. Boardman has set forth in this elaborate exegetical homily his ripened apprehension of the Christian outlook over life, present and to come. The author's views are doubtless orthodox, and certainly he has ignored the methods and results of Biblical criticism. His work is interesting, because he has approached his subject with a certain freshness and naturalness, and because he finds and values things in the proportions of experience rather than those of scholastic system. For him the Christian text-book is not a mere book; it is the living personality of the Galilean teacher in the book. "The text-book of the kingdom is not so much theological as ethical; not so much a system of Christian metaphysics as a manual of daily practice." From the written word Dr. Boardman has selected for study the central Christian idea of the kingdom of God. Instead, therefore, of the current high churchman glossing of the book in the interest of the Incarnation and the Eucharist, we get the religious perspectives and practical values of the book itself. A large part of the whole deals with the teaching of Jesus concerning the kind of life which constitutes membership in the kingdom. Dr. Boardman establishes his position for the most part by the direct method of homiletic assertion. "The kingdom of God is God's reign in man's heart through Jesus Christ." It is, therefore, a spiritual conquest of man in an historic process, with the vista of perfection in eternity. The church in its real meaning is identical with the historic growth of the kingdom; the outward institution is an "ecclesiastical misconception and lie." For readers who cannot find their way to a critical historical view, the work must be valuable. It will help in the conduct of life by true Christian principles.

Any criticism of the construction here offered is rendered impossible by the difficulty of agreeing as to exegetical principles and the questions of criticism. The author holds the apostles to have had a special inspiration (p. 268), but he treats their expectation of a speedy second advent as an error (p. 299), an error as to the letter, though they were right in being absorbed by the great vision of spiritual fulfillment. Nevertheless all the contents of the New Testament stand on the same formal level. The sense in which Jesus was the Messiah is explained from Colossians i: 19-22. For the pulpit and the Sunday-school the work has its value; for the critical student it may be a suggestion of the homiletic exposition possible on the basis of a strictly historical understanding. The time is not far distant, we may hope, when the critic's work will have so far arrived at net results that attention will be free to assimilate the content of early Christianity in the interpretation of modern life.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE.

Meadville Theological School.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Pity and fairness are two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life.

MON.—It needs a good deal of experience to tell one the rarity of a thoroughly disinterested kindness.

TUES.—Human happiness is a web with many threads of pain in it.

WED.—"Live and Teach" should be a proverb as well as "Live and Learn."

THURS.—I am very well and "plucky"—a word which I propose to substitute for happy, as more truthful.

FRI.—I care so much for the demonstration of an intense joy in life on the basis of "plain living" and "high thinking," in this time of more and more eager scrambling after show and wealth.

SAT.—It seems as if a close view of almost every human lot would disclose some suffering that makes life a doubtful good—except perhaps at certain epochs of fresh love, fresh creative activity or unusual power of helping others.

From George Eliot's Letters.

The Old Farm Home.

Though all the world be "fatherland,"
From sun to sun in east and west,
From pole to pole on either hand,
Some *little spot* we love the best.

The life that from the rootlet creeps
Into the very heart of flower,
E'en in the imported essence keeps
Some secret of its native dower.

Old-fashioned as my subject is, I am impelled to write out my thought, not from any wish to impose upon others my personal experiences, but because I know how common these experiences are.

How many, many country homes, products of energy, heroism, persevering toil, consecrated by love, hallowed by birth, sanctified by death, for one reason or another have passed from the hands of the founders, and they, transplanted to other scenes, may look back together and review the old time so sacred in memory. The old farm home. As I stand at the gate of such an one, my birthplace, nearly twenty-five years from the time it ceased to be "our home," what a torrent of thoughts and emotions rush through brain and heart! There is the clump of trees so much larger now, in whose shade my doll was rocked and petted and dressed. There is the orchard, with so many of its trees named by personal ownership of different members of the family. After the wind-storm of the night, how we children rushed to find the first ripe fruit of the season shaken from the boughs! I close my eyes, and how the pictures come and go! The narrow by-path once so well trodden by little feet all the way to the pasture bars! The wild strawberries and the broken gum-stalks that were sometimes a cause of tardiness on the part of the cows in their home-coming, wave as bright and odorous as though little brown hands were just ready to pluck the sweet red berries and the white prairie gum.

What a memory panorama it is, as I sit here, under the old oak tree almost overhanging the house, the birds singing just as those other birds did, among those other green leaves of the same great tree, so long ago.

The meeting in the new barn is a vivid picture—a Methodist Quarterly Meeting for which new barns were often obtained. We children skipped over the pine boards which were to seat the large congregation, and inaugurated the first service the day before. The minister's platform and desk improvised in crude fashion, were occupied in turn by each youngster, while the others seated themselves below as audience. What a grand affair it did seem, when the meeting was really under way! The seats were nearly all filled by women and children, and the men and boys climbed to the beams on either side, in front of the mows which had been partly filled with newly-mown hay.

But this picture quickly passes and another comes. The dear home rooms are again the same, and father, mother and children are all here. Then on a beautiful spring day, out at this gate, one of our number, after patient suffering, was followed to the quiet country cemetery. At the same gate, we, who were left, said, "Good-bye" to the brave soldier boys who went at their country's call, and after four anxious, desolate years, returned through it again to the home-shelter.

But soon the dear old farm home, with so many tender associations, passed into other hands and the widowed mother's ministry of love was carried on in the homes her children had made. Then one other spring day, she, too, joined the silent song of the great "choir invisible," and the little country cemetery gained another occupant, and the lonely grave, waiting so long, looked almost glad in the renewed companionship.

How real it has all seemed, this sunny-sad, half-waking, half-sleeping picture dream, of birds and trees and childhood, of grains and fruits and fields, of strong manhood and brave loving womanhood, with its scenes, sometimes present, sometimes past, and yet all a very real dream.

The great, striving, restless city is around me, the biting winter wind outside, and the warm glow of my open fire before me—and waking, fully, from my dream, I find that it projects a light upon the canvas of the future, and makes Mrs. Browning's words true—

"If we could
Sink the past beneath our feet, be sure
The future would not stand."

FRANCES B. DUNNING.

A Free Bird.

In a great bird-store where there are hundreds of birds of many kinds incessantly squawking, chirping and singing, there is often one that is free—a tiny titmouse. It is a very small bird, and is sometimes called a tomtit. It flies about the store at will. If it wants a drink it perches on the rim of a goldfish globe, no doubt to the great surprise of the goldfishes, and certainly to that of the human beholders, who wonder that it does not fall in, it has to bend over so far to reach the water. There is not a cage in the store into which the titmouse does not go. It goes in and out of all the larger cages with perfect ease. It never hesitates to go through the bars of the cage imprisoning the crossest parrot. As the titmouse flies through these cages, stopping in each, perhaps, to eat of the parrot's food, they never molest it. Parrots that would bite at the finger of a man who should put his hand near enough to the outside of their cage, stand back in fright or amazement when the little titmouse bravely dashes in, and perches on their feeding cups.—*Anecdotes and Morals.*

William M. Evarts was once going up in the elevator at the state department, which was loaded with applicants for ministerships and consulships. Turning to a friend who accompanied him, Mr. Evarts said: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I have seen taken up for some time."—*Argonaut.*

Young gentlemen, believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts; do not make the mistake of doubting your beliefs and believing your doubts.—*Charles F. Deems.*

UNITY

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Michigan.—This week the senior editor of UNITY will be in attendance upon the Michigan Congress of Religion which is being held this week, at Lapeer. The Congress is advertised as "Co-operating with the National Congress" and issues the following invitation and program:

AN INVITATION.—All under whose eyes this notice may fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of religion as things of the spirit and purpose, rather than of speculative opinion: Things too great for dogmatic expresison and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial.

All those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense interdenominational; we mean forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandment—love to God and equal love to our fellows.

The Congress is to be held in the Universalist Church, corner of Court and Park streets.

Come, accept our hospitality and share this spiritual feast.

A. K. BEEM,
Pastor.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday evening, February 28, '99.

Hon. W. W. Stickney, Lapeer, Chairman.

7:30 Organ Voluntary, Hymn.
Address of Welcome.....Rev. A. K. Beem, Lapeer
Response.....Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Jackson
Music.....High School Ladies' Chorus
Prayer .....
Music .....Local Choir
Occasional Sermon Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Good Night .....Ladies' Quartette
Benediction .....Rev. C. W. Dubois

Wednesday morning, March 1.

Rev. Leslie Sprague, Grand Rapids, Chairman.

9:45 Song and Worship
10:00 The Modern Town and the Modern Church.....
.....Rev. Lee S. McCollester, Detroit
Open Discussion
11:00 The Use of Wealth.....Rev. T. W. Illman, Bay City
Free Discussion
11:45 Recess

Afternoon.

Mrs. F. E. Odell, Lapeer, Chairman

2:00 Song Service and Prayer
2:15 Address.....Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago
Vocal .....Mrs. H. C. Rankin
3:00 Race Development of the Spiritual Sense.....
.....Rev. Martha E. Root, Bay City
Discussion
4:00 Recess
Reception from 4:30 to 7 p. m. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson

Evening.

Rev. A. K. Beem, Lepeer, Chairman.

7:00 Organ Voluntary and Hymn
Music .....High School Ladies' Chorus
Lecture—The Parliament of Religions and What Next
Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago
Violin Duet....Master Louis and Miss Alice E. Carey
Hymn
Benediction.....Rev. Geo. W. Durkee, Lapeer

Thursday morning, March 2.

Rev. J. H. Palmer, Iowa, Chairman.

10:00 Song and Praise
10:15 The Church and To-day..Rev. H. B. Bard, Lansing
Discussion
11:00 Moral Emphasis of Liberal Christianity.....
.....Rev. Leslie Sprague, Grand Rapids
Discussion
11:45 Recess

Afternoon.

Mrs. Lilla Belle Cary, Lapeer, Chairman.

2:00 Song Service
Prayer .....Rev. C. R. Baker
2:15 The Relation of Art to Life..Prof. Whinnery, Lapeer
2:30 Discussion
2:45 Peace by Parallel.....Rev. W. F. Wilmot, Utica
Vocal Duet.....P. H. Pike and Mrs. Park Stickney
Discussion
3:30 Bible Progression.....Rev. J. H. Paton, Almont
4:00 Discussion
4:15 Recess

Evening.

Rev. A. K. Beem, Lapeer, Chairman.

7:30 Organ Voluntary and Hymn
Prayer .....C. R. Kellerman, D. D.
Vocal .....Miss Emma Woodruff
What Catholics and Protestants Can Do Together..
.....Hon. O'Brien Atkinson, Port Huron
Music .....Local Choir
Theosophy .....Dr. Orville Owen, Detroit
Vocal .....Nelson Riley
Unity of Religions....Rev. Fred V. Hawley, Jackson
Violin Duet....Master Louis and Miss Alice E. Carey
Closing Word .....Rev. J. H. Palmer, Iowa
Offertory Solo.....Mrs. H. C. Rankin, Lapeer
Hymn and Benediction

Western Unitarian Conference.—The annual meeting of this organization is to be held with the Church of the Messiah, Chicago, May 22-25. Among the topics discussed will be "The Gospel of the Age," "Religion of Current Literature" and "The Ethics of Creed Subscription." Fuller program will be published later along.

Madison, Wisconsin.—The Unitarian Church of this place celebrates its twentieth anniversary on the 5th of March. Mr. Simmons, the first pastor and founder of the society, is to preach the anniversary sermon.

Among the Unitarian Churches.—The Third Unitarian Church of Chicago and the First Congregational Church of Cincinnati, Ohio, have recently been enriching their annual meetings with the preliminary dinner. * * * The fellowship meeting under the auspices of the Unitarian Association at Des Moines is pronounced by the *Christian Register* as an "unmistakable success." Fifteen ministers were present. Sermons were preached by Rev. G. W. Stone of Kansas City, and N. M. Mann of Omaha, and Miss Safford lectured on Jesus in Picture, Poem and Song. The Association committed itself to the *Christian Register* and called for the appointment of an agent to canvass for the same and to furnish it with news. The whole closed with a money making banquet to help buy the Universalist Church of Sioux City so that Miss Gordon's work may be pursued without the handicap of divided obligations.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—The following are the Sunday evening topics for February 26, and the next six Sundays in All Souls' Church, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, minister:

February 26—The Immortality of Earthly Consequence. Illustrated by George Eliot's Choir Invisible.

"Those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

March 5—The Soul Immortal: because it comes from God. Illustrated by Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality.

"The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."

March 12—Immortal: because the soul increases. Illustrated by Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra.

"Thou heaven's consummate cup, what needst
Thou with earth's wheel!"

March 19—Sacred Song Service. Short Sermon on "The Immortal Hope," by Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker of the Unitarian Church, Ann Arbor, Mich.

March 26—The Hope of Immortality based on The Eternal Purpose. Illustrated by Tennyson's In Memoriam.

"One far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

April 2—The Easter Concert.

April 9—The Hope of Immortality based on the God of Love. Illustrated by Whittier's Eternal Goodness.

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Spring Valley, Minn.—One of the most unique, daring and successful ventures in the interest of the Institutional Church that we are called upon to record from time to time in the West is that of the People's Church in this place. On February 14, the second anniversary of the church's existence, they dedicated their new home, the "Auditorium." The attendant festivities and celebration extended through several days. The program which this church sets for itself to do is indicated by the responsive service of dedication given below. UNITY has watched the growth of this society from its incipiency and extends to it hearty congratulations.

RESPONSIVE READINGS.

PASTOR.—To God, the Force of the universe; and to Man, the greatest manifestation of whom is the Christ;

CONGREGATION.—We dedicate this Church.

PASTOR.—For worship in Prayer; for worship in Entertainment; for the ministry of Truth;

CONGREGATION.—We dedicate this Church.

PASTOR.—For the study of History; for the study of Literature; for the study of Science;

CONGREGATION.—We dedicate this Church.

PASTOR.—For the comfort of those who mourn; for strength to those who are weak; for help in right living;

CONGREGATION.—We dedicate this Church.

PASTOR.—For the Moral and Religious influence of the family; for the guidance of childhood; for education of manhood;

CONGREGATION.—We dedicate this Church.

PASTOR.—For the fostering of patriotism; for the study of health; for aggression against evil;

CONGREGATION.—We dedicate this Church.

PASTOR.—For the help of the needy; for universal brotherhood; for unselfish love;

CONGREGATION.—We dedicate this Church.

PASTOR.—God's Promise, 2 Chron. 7:12, 15, 17. "I have heard thy prayer, and have chosen this place to myself for an house of sacrifice. Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ear attent, unto the prayer that is made in this place. For now have I chosen and hallowed this house, that my name may be here forever: and mine eyes and mine heart shall be here perpetually."

Growing Presbyterianism.—The *Interior* of this city notes without comment the following item of church news concerning the pulpit of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago:

THE CHURCH'S UNWRITTEN CREED.

A series of sermons giving a statement of the readjustment of religious belief: I. Influences Formative of the Newer Faith; II, Growing Conceptions of God; III, Modern Views of Man's Origin; IV, Changed Ideas of Sin and Salvation; V, Transformed Doctrines of Inspiration; VI, Enlarged Hopes for the Future Life.

The pastor, Rev. G. R. Pike, is the author of the significant book The Divine Drama, published last year by the Macmillan Company, reviewed in these columns by Mr. Chadwick some time ago.

In Memoriam.

In the sudden death, on the 23d inst., of Mrs. Jane Wilson Colledge, a great loss and sorrow have come to the home of Rev. Dr. William A. Colledge, pastor of the People's Church at Aurora, Ill. Mrs. Colledge is the daughter of Judge E. S. Wilson of Olney, formerly state treasurer of Illinois. She had the advantages of early training in an elegant home, and at the best schools; was cultured in art, music and literature, and gladly gave all to become the companion and helper of her scholarly husband in the work of the ministry. She was dearly loved in Aurora; from a class of three, she had gathered about her one hundred and eighty little girls in a sewing school, and she has left her noble spirit upon them. Mrs. Colledge had reached only her twenty-ninth year. She leaves one child, Edward Wilson, in his seventh year. The sympathy of many hearts will go out to this bereaved husband. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Thomas of Chicago; the remains were taken to Olney to rest in the family lot of the old home.

H. W. THOMAS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY:

I rise to support the proposition made by the "good brother," who thinks that you are "out of your right mind," concerning the Philippinos. I trust, however, that you will not "stop my paper" on this account.

Your continued criticism of our country's attitude toward the Philippinos is either quite uncalled for or else it is wholly inadequate; it is too severe or too mild. In the closing paragraph of his sermon, which appeared in your issue of the 16th, Mr. Jones says: "Has it come to this—that the land of Lincoln would again degrade and subject the darkened children of the orient, take from them by force the land which God has given them by right of birth and by destiny? Do we now justify all this, as the slave masters of the South justified their domination fifty years ago, on the score of a skin more tawny, of a brain less cultivated, of inadequate intelligence?"

This paragraph represents, quite fairly, the spirit and the gist of all that the UNITY has had to say upon this matter. Now, if you really believe this, if you are convinced that there is any purpose, on the part of this nation, "to degrade and subject the darkened children of the orient," you are certainly not showing a strong hand as the champion of a weak people whose liberties are threatened. The UNITY may believe that it believes this, but its readers do not believe that it believes it; we know that if any such serious conviction had taken possession of the UNITY that it would have something definite, clear-cut and forceful, to urge upon the people.

What have you to offer, as a policy for the treatment of the Philippinos, in place of that outlined by our president in his public utterance of a few days ago? Have you anything better to offer? Have you anything to offer that is positive and constructive? If not, would not silence be golden? Carping criticism is to be expected on part of a partisan press, and there it passes for what it is worth, but when it finds expression in such papers as the UNITY, it tends to destroy confidence in the administration, and render its difficult duties more arduous.

There is no good reason, so far as I can see, for thinking that there is any purpose on the part of this nation to "degrade and subject" the Philippinos; the purpose of our president and people is to do them good. And for the accomplishment of that purpose it is necessary to first secure order in the islands and obedience to our authority.

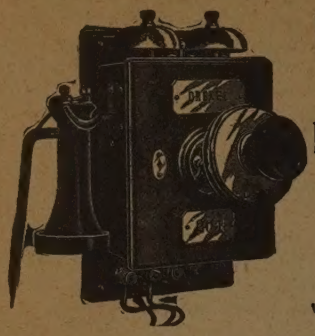
Is it not a fact that English influence in India and Egypt has, on the whole, been for good?

Is there any room for doubt or debate at this point? Every traveler who has visited these countries in recent years knows that the English influence has wrought mightily for the good life. In our desire to be fair to the "darkened children of the orient," let us not be unfair to the white-skinned, blue-eyed Saxon. His blood, 'tis true, is a bit hard. There is iron in it. But under God he is the colonizer, the missionary, the leader of the world. He has enslaved some peoples, but never without giving them, finally, a larger liberty than they knew before he enslaved them. Taking the ages through, and the world around, there were never such civil and religious liberties among men as are enjoyed to-day under the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

N. S. BRADLEY.

Cadilac, Mich., Feb. 22, 1899.

It is great folly not to part with your own faults, which is possible, but to try instead to escape from other people's faults, which is impossible.—*Marcus Aurelius.*



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